

## Friday Night Rental by dannyvhs

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**Genre:** Fluff, Freddy never happened, M/M, Quentin moves to Hawkins, post-season 3

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**Summary:**

Steve enjoys boring average life at the video store. He especially enjoys being able to work with Robin and one day Robin points out a potential candidate for Steve's flirtation in the horror aisle.

## Friday Night Rental

### Author's Note:

Fuck it Harringsmith time.

Quentin is just a normal teen in this. Steve is just a himbo. Also big shout out to my boyfriend suggesting that Quen should dress like Glen since it's the 80's.

Enjoy~

Steve Harrington was an idiot. So much of an idiot in fact, that it took Robin's observations to help Steve realize his own sexuality. It had started simply as conversations and teasing thrown back and forth between the two when the movie store wasn't busy. They'd tease each other about crushes and rate people in their class. Every now and again, Robin threw in a male classmate. Without even realizing it, Steve rated them just as he did the girls.

Then began the questions about how Robin figured out she was a lesbian. Steve never seemed judgemental when he asked her questions. There was always genuine curiosity in his questions. Finally, after a few weeks, Robin stated her theory. She was in the middle of going over the returned movies while Steve was settling up a display.

"Hey, Steve?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think it's possible that you're bisexual?"

Steve hadn't known peace since.

After careful consideration, Steve found that Robin was indeed correct. Steve quite liked girls, but he also quite liked guys as well. He couldn't help but admit that he too had felt Billy's charm earlier in the summer. Maybe it really was possible that Steve Harrington was bisexual. He found himself surprised by the revelation, but it did

not worry him. If that was who Steve was, then that was just who he was.

Things at the store didn't even change. The only thing that changed between him and Robin now was that she would point out cute guys and girls to Steve, who pointed out cute girls for Robin in return. Otherwise, it was life as usual and Steve enjoyed it. Especially after the eventful summer he had had so far. Today was normal and boring. A perfect day to rent out movies to the teens and families of Hawkins.

Steve was putting vhs tapes back in their cases after having rewound them. He was lost in his own thoughts when Robin suddenly elbowed him. He rubbed his side and was about to lay into her, but she quickly cut him off.

"Steve, aisle 3. Curly brown hair," Robin said jerking her head towards the aisle. Steve leaned forward over the counter to see the aisle in question. Aisle three was filled with horror movies and currently a teen slightly shorter than Steve with curly brown hair was looking over some of the movies. He pulled two of them off the shelf and started heading towards the counter.

Oh fuck he was cute. Like, really cute.

He wore jeans, red sneakers, and what looked like a long sleeve shirt that had been cut around the midline to expose his stomach. He had the sleeves pulled up to his elbows. Steve hadn't seen any guy in Hawkins act so confident in themselves since Billy had first arrived. Unlike Billy, this guy didn't seem to be flaunting it. Billy had confidence in himself to the point that he used it to win people over. This guy, however, seemed happy just being himself.

He stopped in front of Steve and Steve saw the prettiest green eyes he had ever seen. Were they shining or was Steve just imagining that? Regardless, they were so pretty and his face was so cute. He looked tired, very tired, but Steve didn't mind at all. He must have been a busy person. Steve wondered what kind of things this guy did late into the night to look this tired. It must be very important.

"Excuse me?"

Steve snapped out of his thoughts to find that the boy was waiting to rent his movies.

“Oh, sorry. I uh, spaced out there for a moment,” Steve said.

“No problem. Happens to me all the time.”

Steve took the movies to find Friday the 13th and A Nightmare on Elm Street.

“You like horror?” He asked.

“Yeah, I kinda am addicted to ‘em. Nightmare is my favorite. How creepy is it that some guy can just walk into your dreams like that? I don’t think I’d be able to handle it.”

Steve checked out both vhs tapes.

“Are you new around here? I don’t think I’ve seen you before,” Steve said.

“Oh, yeah. My dad and I moved in recently. He’s got this love of small towns and junk. He thinks moving here will help us clear our heads or something. I dunno.”

Steve leaned on the counter. “Well does *he* like horror movies?”

“Not really. He just wants me to try to make friends by going out. Dads right?” The guy chuckled and took the vhs tapes.

“Well, maybe I could be your friend? Show you around Hawkins?”

The guy chuckled. Fuck he was cute. “I don’t even know your name.”

“Steve. Steve Harrington,” Steve held out his hand. The guy laughed and shook his hand.

“Quentin. Quentin Smith.”

“Well, Quentin, welcome to Hawkins. It may be small, but it’s definitely not boring,” Steve said. God he hoped Quentin wouldn’t get sucked into the bullshit of this town, but knowing how Hawkins

was, it wouldn't be long before he learned about it all. Until then, Steve would pretend to be the friendly guy at the movie store for Quentin. Nice and boring.

Quentin turned, heading for the entrance, but he hesitated and looked back.

"See ya, Harrington."

He winked.

Once he had left, Robin put a hand on Steve's shoulder as she got closer.

"Okay, please tell me you saw that, Steve. Because he was absolutely flirting with you," She said.

Steve looked at her, still shocked from what he had seen. "He was totally flirting with me!"

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but go get him, dingus! You might actually win this one!" Robin said. Steven nodded and jumped the counter running out the front door. He could briefly hear Robin shouting after him that she hadn't meant right now. Her call wasn't about to stop Steve. He was on a mission.

"Quentin!" Steve called. "Quentin, wait!"

Quentin stopped and turned to face Steve as he stopped panting.

"Quentin, do you wanna like, maybe go see a movie with me sometime? Like, not a rental, I mean like at the actual theater in the mall," Steve said, pointing with his thumb in the direction of the mall. Quentin chuckled and it made Steve's heart flutter.

"That sounds great. I moved in on Elm street, last house on the right. Pick me up at eight?" Quentin asked.

"Eight, like..like tomorrow eight? Pick you up tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I have no idea where the mall is."

“Right, right, right. Yeah, yeah cool. Cool, yeah, totally. I’ll totally do that. Eight. Pick up Quentin. Movies. Quentin. Eight. Got it.”

Quentin smiled more. He took a quick look around before he leaned forward and very quickly pecked Steve’s cheek. He then turned and headed down the sidewalk, waving back at Steve.

“Bye, Steve! See you tomorrow!”

Steve waved at him slowly, one hand resting on his cheek.

By God, Steve Harrington was in love.